

Press-Herald

GLENN W. PFEIL Publisher
REID L. BUNDY Managing Editor
Torrance, Calif., Sunday, December 18, 1966

A Significant Trip

Today ushers in Christmas Week, one of the happiest times of the year and a week that will be busy, gay, and meaningful for millions.

The traditions of Christmas — the tree with its lights, tinsel, and decorations, the holly wreath on the door, mistletoe, decorated packages, lighted homes—all contribute to the Spirit of Christmas.

This is a week for the renewal of old acquaintances, a time for parties, family reunions, and festivities.

It also is a week to reflect on the true meaning of Christmas. In many of the city's churches today special Christmas programs will tell of the birth of Christ nearly 2,000 years ago in the Bethlehem stable. In song and in readings from the Scriptures, worshippers will hear again of the Christ Child's advent and humble birth, and will be told that He was sent to earth to offer man the hope of redemption and to save man from his own sins.

With man on the threshold of a trip to the moon and his eyes on the stars, it is appropriate in this happy season to remember that the 65-mile trip Mary, the Mother of Jesus, made on the back of a donkey is still the most significant trip of all time.

Disney: A Great Loss

It is a hard to envision a world without Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, Pluto, and the rest of the loveable creatures born of the fertile mind of Walt Disney.

For much of this earth's population, there is no memory of a world without Walt Disney and his friends.

His death Thursday is a great loss, and is a personal loss to those in Torrance and in the villages and cities of the world who had come to identify Walt Disney with wholesome entertainment.

The world certainly is much richer and far better because Walt Disney was permitted to spend 65 very fruitful years with us. For that we can all be most grateful.

Opinions of Others

Little wonder that there has been a growing chorus of complaints against certain aspects of the tight money policy, particularly since many people think that our political leaders are setting a poor example. The President, for instance, has made it clear that he has no intention of sacrificing any of the features of his extravagant Great Society, which is about as inflationary a brainstorm as was ever conceived. And if you look at other facets of government, you will find a similar cynical attitude. The Tennessee Valley Authority, for example, with the blessing of the President, has just been authorized to borrow one billion dollars to expand its electric generating capacity—while private industry is being ordered to cut back.—*Towanda (Pa.) Review.*

A stronger awareness of the "new strategy of the United States Communist Party for resurgent, revolutionary action" has been urged recently by John Edgar Hoover, director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Their campaign to blanket college and university campuses with communist speakers—a program which has been accepted with apathetic indifference by many persons—is a resounding success in the eyes of the party.—*Caldwell (N.J.) Progress.*

There will be many new veterans this year, young men who have served in Viet Nam. . . . Some of them will be facing life with a new handicap, the loss of a limb, perhaps, or of sight. Fortunately, industry is learning that many handicapped men more than compensate for their handicap. For to be able to work, to have the hours of the day crowded with an occupation that has some place in the scheme of things, is as important as preserving our liberty. Veteran's organizations help many of these men with advice, a friendly push when they need it, by putting them in touch with someone who can help them with their immediate problems. Support your local veteran's organizations and you're giving a helping hand to many veterans.—*Antioch (Ill.) News.*

Higher labor costs mean higher prices or a cut in the profit margin, or both. Higher taxes add to the costs of producing goods. If profits suffer and employment slackens because higher prices reduce consumer demand, an increase in taxes will not produce as much revenue as expected.—*Portland (Ore.) Oregonian.*

Bertram A. Powers, president of the New York local of the International Typographical Union, predicts that his printers will get "the biggest, fattest, and juiciest contract" ever in soon-to-start negotiations with the city's newspapers. He thinks the nine other newspaper unions should do as well. The reason, he says, is that the newspaper industry in New York no longer has any "poor cousins to cry poor mouth." He's right. They're dead. Killed dead. They expired during the last strike, a little weeding out process of some 140 days.—*Marysville (Calif.) Appeal-Democrat.*

We believe that news media should have every right to obtain, and then publish, facts pertaining to a crime, the arrest of suspects and charges made against them. . . . Press freedom not only dictates that newspapers have a responsibility to inform the public and guard against possible abuses of power on the part of policing agencies and judges; but freedom of the press also imposes another equally important obligation: to refrain from making published comments which may influence adversely both the public and potential jurors, thus prejudicing a fair trial.—*Delta (Colo.) Independent.*

But If I Did O.K. FBI "Bugging"—



Defeated Colleague Says He'll Stay in the Fight

By CHARLES E. CHAPEL
Assemblyman, 46th District

Many years ago, in England, General Booth, the founding father of the Salvation Army, wanted to send a Christmas message to the leaders of his organization throughout the world.

Radio telegraphy, still known as "wireless" to the Englishmen, was in its infancy. Cablegrams were very expensive. General Booth had spent most of his own money to buy food for the poor and there was very little money in the bank account of the Salvation Army. Finally, he found the answer. He cabled one word to the head of the Salvation Army in each nation where his men and women were allowed to work. That one word was: OTHERS.

It seems appropriate to me, during this season when we are celebrating the birth of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, that we think of others. Let us remember the lonesome old people, those in hospitals, men and women confined in jails and prisons, orphans, the widows trying to support families, and the families of those men in the armed forces who are dying for us in the far-flung battlefields of Viet Nam. "Others," not ourselves.

A friend of mine was defeated at the Nov. 8 General Election after years of dedicated public service. I wrote him a letter, trying to cheer him up.

Here is part of his reply to me: "One of my supporters sent me a copy of the remarks made in the United States Senate by Henry F. Ashurst of Arizona when he was defeated in 1940 after many years of service. He said:

"In a Government such as ours, it is the undoubted right of the people to change their servants and to

remove one and displace him for another at any time they choose, for a good reason, for a bad reason, or for no reason at all.

"He who is on top today will be at the bottom tomorrow; such is the law of politics.

"No man is great unless he has had suffering, sorrow, and humiliation. If you expect 'appreciation' from your constituents, you have overlooked the necessity of ingratitude in a republic.

"The constituency of Aristides survives and is a tonic for popular government. Gratitude is a luxury or jewel in which kings and princes may indulge, but a republic will not for long remain a republic if it toys with such an occult gem. Defeat, at the summit of a notable career, is a symbolism so symmetrical that poets and dramatists never ask a more nearly perfect theme. A distinguished career ending in victory, opulence, and success ends too sugarly to be fascinating.

"Had the Saints Peter, Paul and Stephen died from mere old age in very comfortable financial circumstances, their contributions might not have been so splendid. Demosthenes, greatest Athenian orator, and Aeschylus, greatest Greek tragic poet, knew that the banishment under which they fell would crown their respective achievements with immortality. The renown of Socrates would have been eaten away by the tooth of time had it not been embalmed in hemlock.

"It is well that a great oration should end with a crescendo, that is, with increasing volume and tone. A distinguished human career should end with glory and sympathy and the mys-

tery of martyrdom should end with a decrescendo."

My defeated friend then said:

"Senator Ashurst was too old to serve again — but I am not! I fully intend to stay right in the battle."

Finally, I wish that all who read these words may have a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

Sacramento

Quote

In our increasingly mechanized and computerized world, the arts afford a measure of consolation and reassurance to our individuality, a measure of beauty and human emotion that can reach and move most men. They are indispensable to the achievement of our great underlying concern for the individual, for the fullest development of the potential hidden in every human being.—David Rockefeller, president, The Chase Manhattan Bank.

The natives were restless on election day, and out went the rascals—nearly all of them, not just the governor.—Roger Kent, former state Demo chairman.

The remedy lies in thrift in federal expenditures.—Charles J. Spiteri on anti-inflation tax hike talk.

WILLIAM HOGAN

Interest Revived in Work Of Early California Poet

A revival of interest in the work of the California poet Robinson Jeffers (1887-1962) may be under way.

Contributing to this long-predicted "rediscovery" of his work is a full-length biography, the first, titled "The Stone Mason of Tor House: The Life and Times of Robinson Jeffers," (published by the Ward Ritchie Press \$10).

The author is Melba Berry Bennett, long a friend of the poet and his wife, Una, who wrote an earlier appraisal of his work, "Robinson Jeffers and the Sea." After Jeffers' death she was given the responsibility for organizing his cluttered papers, letters, notes, manuscripts and other documents. Her intimate contact with the family over decades plus some dedicated biographical detective work makes Mrs. Bennett a prime source of

HERB CAEN SAYS:

This 'Fun City' Scarred By Riots, Park Muggings

The excellent new Mayor of New York, John Lindsay, has proclaimed it "Fun City" to the assorted snorts, grunts, guffaws and gags of his citizens. A fun city of muggings in Central Park, riots in Harlem, ragamuffins in the Bowery, addicts in the Village, a lexicon of unbelievable poverty on the upper West Side and violence in the subways—but to some, this is fun, too. It took some courage for the Mayor, painfully aware of these and other dreadful problems, even to utter the phrase — for New York is a cruel and un sentimental place. But he survived, a grudging tribute to his sincerity, attractiveness and industry. "New York is a Summer Festival!" read the posters earlier this year, and he got by with that, too, even among the people sleeping on fire escapes to escape the rats in their tenements.

A city where the past means little and hardly anybody looks back—there is no time in the mere struggle to survive. Wonderful old buildings are demolished at a rate that makes San Francisco's look snail-like, with nobody to weep over their remains. The glass curtains and the barracks-like housing "developments" rise on all sides, and the ghosts of Stanford White and Whitney Warren stir feebly, if at all. There is constant, frantic activity and a ceaseless rushing to and fro, for to stop is to think, and to think is to mourn the death of a million dreams.

Well, what is it anyway—

that little touch of class (or style, if you will) that sets people and cities apart from the run of the mill millions? In the old days, it didn't seem so hard to define. "A classy guy," in the parlance of the Twenties, was a flashy dresser with a high gloss on his fingernails, a diamond pinky ring and, again in the patois, the abil-

San Francisco

ity "to go to his pocket pretty good." The pocket usually contained a roll of \$100 bills obtained in some deliciously illicit manner, and if he peeled them off in full view, by means of a wetted thumb, he was a check-grabbing, four-flusher. If he grabbed the check surreptitiously, and slipped \$100 to the head waiter on the way out, with nobody noticing, he was a bona fide classy guy.

Today the standards are more complex, and the manner in which the check is grabbed, if at all, is no longer a criterion. Now the individual with class is more likely to be the quiet one of firm resolve who will stand up and be counted, no matter how unpopular the cause (Joan Baez comes to mind). The subject, in fact, is such a knotty one that a national magazine has assigned a writer to tackle the subject monthly, and predictably, he is going around in circles. His best example of class and style to date has been the always classy and stylish Joe DiMaggio. Style: Joe DiMaggio as a Yankee, loping after a long fly in center field, seeming hardly to

move. Class: Joe DiMaggio, as a man, barring Peter Lawford from Marilyn Monroe's funeral.

San Francisco once had a great sense of style. I remember a party that Templeton Crocker gave in his magnificent penthouse in Russian Hill. Among the guests was Henri Lenoir, who now owns the Vesuvio Restaurant but was then poor and close to starving. As the hors d'oeuvres were passed, Henri stuffed them into his pockets, to stave off the hunger of the morrow. At one point, Crocker approached, took out a cigarette and asked "Do you have a light, Henri?" Flustered, Lenoir reached into his pocket and, to his horror, pulled out a sandwich. "You are priceless," laughed Crocker, "and also matchless." Poise, wit, charm, chic — these things are part of the style but only part—which leads me to believe that the key is knowing who and what you are. Yet knowing who you are is increasingly difficult as the old standards evaporate, to be replaced by vague new ones. Doing the right thing at the right time in the right place used to be one of the yardsticks of class, but today it could even be square, and can a square have style? The Beatles have it, the New Christy Minstrels don't. Sinatra has it, Pat Boone doesn't. On the other hand, Lucius Beebe might have been a square, by today's viewpoint, but he had great style because he had an unwavering awareness of what was right for him.

ROYCE BRIER

The Age of Speed Carries A Few Built-in Problems

If you review the technological age briefly from Watt's steam engine, 1774, you note about 150 years of orderly rise.

The engine got into ships, then locomotives, and late in the 1800s came electricity, followed by the internal combustion engine. As late as the 1920s the rise was orderly, but in the 1940s came a sharp and astounding acceleration. Flight became common, nuclear energy appeared, and countless new techniques like computers affecting all human life, and, at length, rudimentary space travel.

The ever-receding goal was speed and time saved, and a continent which once took a hundred days to cross was crossed in a few hours.

It is problematical whether all this speed and time-saving has conferred on us

so much absolute benefit as it seems superficially to have done, and some may wonder if it will run into a law of diminishing returns.

We have had 600 mph in the air for about eight years, but we pant to beat it. So the great air-frame

World Affairs

centers are at work to double and triple it to near 2000 mph.

This will cost a couple of billion, maybe five or six when the obsolescence tab is in, and you will pay the tab. What will it get you?

It will get you the boon of eating breakfast in New York, and another in San Francisco, provided you feel up to it. At 600 mph, your biological timeclock goes out of gear, a confused and

depressed feeling, so 2000 mph may increase your confusion and depression.

But the journey will be delightful, if busy. There may be new oxygen disciplines to learn in case a window pops at 13 miles altitude, and some are saying you might need a heart check to board. Certainly crews will be under as rigorous selection as astronauts. Pilots can read more gadgets telling them of any patches of solar radiation.

It is unlikely movies will be better than ever, indeed, there may not be time for one, alas!

Now while you are saving your corporation from collapse by getting to New York banker fast, the people down there may not be having a ball.

Right now the folks near airports scream over the jets, and military sonic booms are giving housewives a dizzy feeling which only noon martinis will overcome. But there will be a 50-mile path of sonic booms from the supersonics from takeoff to setdown, and all the brains can't solve it.

So in a score or more flight paths, coast-to-coast, it'll be boom-boom-boom all the way. It should land on 50 million groundlings every hour. They'll write wild-eyed letters to the editor, who can't do a damn thing about it, because you've got to make the Broadway show, and up for your two breakfasts.

When they seal you in a 30-minute rocket, it'll be better still.

Morning Report:

President Lyndon Johnson may have the biggest library of them all. It will be located in Austin and supported by oil money, which is just about the nicest kind because there is so much of it in Texas.

This library fad began with Franklin D. Roosevelt. Just like the ancient Pharaohs—who went in for pyramids—each President seeks a more imposing edifice than his predecessor. If we had started with a Washington Library, we would now have 35 libraries—including seven in Virginia.

I suppose the libraries are getting bigger because Presidents are writing more documents these days—even if they have less to say.

Abe Mellinkoff

My Neighbors

